



The Old Abe Eagle.

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WHITE OAKS, N. M., FEB. 28th, 1895.

THE RAILROAD.

Mr. Bell Submits His Proposition to El Paso's Citizens. An Enthusiastic Meeting.

From El Paso Herald, Feb. 19.]

"Standing room only" was the order at the district court room last night when Mr. J. L. Bell met the public, and gave a brief statement of the plans and object of the El Paso, Chicago & Mexican Railway company. The enthusiastic people could not be accommodated by the seats provided for them, and stood up in the aisles and sat in the windows. Representative business men from Tularosa, Black Mountain, Ciudad Juarez and other outside towns were present.

The meeting was called to order by W. J. Glenn, who nominated Mayor Payne as chairman. The mayor was unanimously elected, and Mr. H. M. Patterson was elected secretary. The chairman thanked the public for the honor, and said that he presumed the object of the meeting was well known. He called on Mr. Bell who said in substance:

"Mr. Chairman and Friends:—I thank you for the distinguished honor of being invited to stand before you tonight for more reasons than one, as you may be loath to come and listen to me discuss the 'White Oaks' railway. None of you know anything of my ability to build a railway, but with your support and the help of my company and my Maker I will build the road. [Applause] Up to five years ago White Oaks was paying forty cents a barrel for water and they began digging wells. They struck plenty of water and every well went through beds of coal of from four feet to fifty inches in thickness. I do not wish to antagonize any company, but reports have been made public that no coal existed at White Oaks. The coal I saw was of fine quality and inexhaustible in quantity. Speaking of water, I measured a body of water running near the Mal Pais which measured eight feet across and over thirty feet in depth; at Three Rivers there is a large amount; at Tularosa there is a flow of 6,000 gallons per hour and at La Luz 3,000 gallons. The water there is 4,500 feet higher than here, and I am certain that we have artesian water on the Mesa."

ORE SHIPMENTS.

Mr. Bell then turned his attention to ore shipments. He said: "I am guaranteed a shipment of fifteen cars of ore daily from the Black Mountain country; from the mountains just above Tularosa I am promised six car loads of copper per day; from above Nogal twenty five cars per day, and more from different points. All this ore means something to El Paso. From my experience in Georgia and Alabama I know we can move all of it to El Paso. At White Oaks we found every variety of iron known to science, mountains of it, and rich fields of black marble worth from \$8.00 to \$10.50 per foot, ledges 200 yards wide and six miles long. Experts from Michigan pronounce this marble to be the most valuable and greatest in extent in the United States, and this rail road can build right to it. The coal at White Oaks runs 48 to 52 inches in thickness. The Parker mine will furnish us 25 cars daily, the Schinzing mine will give 5 cars daily and others yet undeveloped will do as well. With the cheapness of operation, I think coal can be sold here at from \$3.50 to \$4.00 per ton."

WHAT HE WANTS.

"Now, what I want is this. If the chairman and this meeting see fit, I

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would like committees appointed on a subsidy subscription. I want a subsidy, conditional that I build the road, of the same amount as offered the old company, \$100,000, if I build and operate 100 miles of railway within two years, and begin construction within one year from Nov. 22, 1894."

The report of Engineer R. R. Goodrich was then read by the secretary.

Mr. Bell again rose to the floor, and said that at Black Mountain he got a \$40,000 subsidy; at La Luz, \$7,500 and 40 acres of land; at Tularosa, \$35,000; at Three Rivers, \$10,000 and 140 acres of land; at White Oaks, \$50,000, 40 acres of land and right-of-way nine miles long from the mouth of the canon to the top of the divide. If my friends in El Paso can find any man who can do better than I, or do it sooner, and convince my associates here of the fact, I will submit to him. [Applause] I will state that I have \$6,000,000 back of me but will not say who the parties are. I now ask your support.

W. H. Tuttle followed in a strong speech in which he reviewed the past of efforts to construct this road, all resulting in failures. "Mr. Bell shows he is in earnest. What he says about resources I can verify from an experience of 14 years." Mr. Tuttle referred to the enterprise of Albuquerque in raising a subsidy of \$100,000 on a railroad proposition, and urged El Paso to be equally liberal.

Mr. W. S. McCutcheon followed in a strong endorsement of Mr. Bell. Dr. Turner said the best investment he ever made was in helping a railroad into a town in which he was interested.

Mayor Payne added his voice to those of the preceding speakers and referred briefly to several of Mr. Bell's trips to Chicago and elsewhere at great expense. He was sure that property would advance twenty-five per cent. It is no wild-out scheme. He concluded by subscribing ten per cent. of his property to the subsidy fund. Sam H. Carr announced that he was requested to say that Col. R. F. Campbell subscribed one-quarter of his interests in the Magoffin addition valued at \$750. Mr. Bell thanked them.

Mr. Glenn moved that a committee of two from each ward be elected to solicit subscriptions. The motion carried. Secretary Patterson said that he thought Mr. Bell was right in keeping back the names of his backers, as there are people in El Paso who would throw stones and obstacles in the way of enterprise. [Applause] Mr. Sol Schutz moved that the chairman appoint the committee instead of them being elected. The motion was carried, with the understanding that the appointments be made public on Wednesday. The meeting then adjourned.

Mr. Bell expressed himself as highly gratified at the spirit shown by El Paso and his friends here, and from now on till his departure for the east will be occupied in completing the mass of details to lay before his company.

Mr. David Christie Murray, the well-known English writer, is the author of the special novelette entitled "Why? Says Gladys," contained in the March number of "Tales from Town Topics." With great felicity of style and refreshing wit Mr. Murray relates a story of love that results in marriage and separation. Gladys, the heroine, is a strangely constituted American girl who marries a reformed English rake, and brings unhappiness upon herself through her own perversity. The story, which is in dialogue form, is a delightful introduction to a volume that is otherwise made up of the best stories, sketches, poems and witticisms that have appeared from time to time in the regular issues of Town Topics. Town Topics Publishing Co., 305 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

THE Denver coinage mint bill has become a law, and Denver is now happy to a degree at least.

FREDERICK DOUGLAS, ex-slave, philanthropist and orator, the most noted man of African descent the country has known, died suddenly at his home in Virginia last week.

MR. J. J. HAGERMAN has donated forty acres of land to the New Mexico Military Institute recently provided for by the legislature, at Roswell, and one hundred acres to the branch experiment station of the Agricultural College, to be located in the Pecos Valley.

IN MEMORIAM

Of Little Jamie Sligh, Aged Four Years and Ten Days.

Our dear little Jamie has gone from us! Oh! how it breaks our hearts to give our darling little boy to Jesus. But we can trust Him who doeth all things well, and how our heads and hearts submit to His will. Jamie was a veritable little sunshine—so bright and happy and so kind and loving to us all. And we know that he is not sad or lonely in that beautiful Home without his dear home ones, but happier and brighter than ever; and with his sweet baby hands outstretched he is beckoning us on to a better, nobler life. Look up, dear hearts, for help and strength to bear your sorrow, and deem it not a sorrow but a joy and blessing that you have a baby among the angels in Heaven to lead you over the icy river of death when you too are called of God. There let us leave our baby, waiting and watching for mamma and papa and the little ones still left to their care. From

A LOVED ONE.

Albuquerque Citizen: The enterprising people of Cerrillos have organized themselves into a board of trade, and intend to let no enterprise escape them. They are now working up a big smelter scheme, and it looks very much as if the scheme will go through. Several days ago Cerrillos was visited by a Denver party of capitalists, and they made a proposition to the people of Cerrillos which, if considered favorably, will give that town one of the biggest smelters on the Santa Fe railroad. Such lively enterprising workers as Messrs. Tiedemann, Kennedy, Goodall, Kendall, Buell, Richards and others are members of the board.

Rev. C. C. Edgington lectured on "The civil supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon" at the Methodist church in Eddy last Thursday night. The lecture was for the benefit of the church.

In a recent issue the Salem, Ore., Independent says: "Time and again have we seen Chamberlain's Cough Remedy tried and never without the most satisfactory results. Whenever we see a person afflicted with hoarseness, with a cough or cold, we invariably advise them to get Chamberlain's Cough Remedy; and when they do, they never regret it. It always does the work, and does it well. For sale by Dr. M. G. Paden, Drug gist."

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The tobacco habit grows on a man until his nervous system is seriously affected, impairing health, comfort and happiness. To quit suddenly is to suffer a shock to the system, as tobacco, in an inveterate user, becomes a stimulant; it is a substitute for food, and without the aid of it life is a struggle. It leaves the system as a prey to disease, and the day you look your first step toward freedom, you are a free man. Sold by all druggists, with our iron-clad guarantee, at \$1.00 per box, three boxes, thirty-day treatment, \$2.50; or sent direct upon receipt of price. SEND SIX TWO CENT STAMPS FOR SAMPLE BOX, BOOK LET AND PROOFS FREE. Eureka Chemical & Manufacturing Company, Manufacturing Chemists, La Crosse, Wisconsin.

QUITE SHOCKING.

A Stranger Who Allowed the Baby to Unduly Interest Her.

It was about 9 o'clock in the evening, and the West Side cable car rattled and lurched along. The passengers were few, and they cast half curious, half hostile glances at each other. A young couple with a child of about a year and a half old attracted the most attention, however. "Isn't it disgraceful how young some people marry?" whispered the old maid passenger to the mother of seven.

"It isn't only that, my dear. I married when a child, a mere child, myself. But look how carelessly she holds the poor little thing."

The young couple, all unconscious, pursued a lively conversation.

"Shall you be able to go to the dance tomorrow evening?" he asked.

"Oh, yes. I don't intend to miss a single dance either. Do sit still, baby."

"I suppose the hired girl will watch the baby and like as not let the poor little thing catch its death of cold," said the mother of seven in a piercing whisper.

"I only hope you will save one or two for me," grumbled the young man. The ladies opposite exchanged significant whispers.

"I'll try. Do hold him for a little while, George. He wriggles so."

"I would if I knew how to take hold of him. It's worse than a wrestling match."

"A pretty father!" glanced the old maid. "No more sense of responsibility than a kitten." They both looked disapprovingly at the young man, who had given the baby his pocketknife to play with.

The mother of seven caught his eye a moment or two later.

"How old is the baby?" she asked, with the air of a person about to administer a dose of good advice.

"I—why, I'm sure I don't know," he stammered. "Do you, Mully?"

"Why, let me see. About 20 months old, I guess. Yes, he was 2 months old when I made that lovely visit to Milwaukee."

"And left him to the care of servants no doubt," whispered the old maid, delightfully horrified.

"And how many teeth has he?" pursued the mother of seven. "And what do you give him to prevent convulsions? I always give mine."

"I—I don't know, I'm sure. George, stop the car, won't you? It is so hot in here that I'd rather walk the rest of the way."

"Don't know how many teeth your own baby has! Why, in my day young parents—"

"My own baby! Good gracious, madam, he isn't mine. He is my sister's child. He has been spending the day with me, and now I'm taking him home. Oh, George, will the car never stop?"

And a very demoralized young couple with a crying baby stumbled off, while the old maid and the mother of seven looked out of opposite windows with a majestic air.—Chicago Tribune.

The Limit.



She—Ah, men don't know what women have to bear! They suffer in silence.

He—I know. That's their greatest suffering.

He Followed Her.

A clever girl who could make a sensation in society if fate had been a little more kind to her in a material way lives on a side street and is a constant source of amusement and joy to her little circle of friends. She is poor. She is compelled to turn and return her gown, trim and retires her bonnets and make all sorts of little sacrifices, and all because fate decreed that her father should be a quiet, unambitious, conscientious, daring sort of a fellow instead of a bustling, money-making, successful merchant. This girl has brains and good looks, and, what is far better, originality, but she is compelled very often to walk because she has no car fare. She amuses herself with all sorts of things that other girls seldom think of. Her latest exploit is a class of Chinamen, into whose wooden heads she is endeavoring to inject a faint idea of the limitations of the English language and incidentally the Christian religion.

In her class on a recent Sunday she was giving Ching Pui an object lesson on the wonderful creations of God.

"See, Ching," she said, "see this beautiful rose. God made this rose. He made it to look pretty and smell sweet. God made all things, Ching. He made you, and he made me. Now, tell me, Ching, who made the rose?"

Ching grinned and said, "God, he make rose."

"That's right, Ching. Now, why did he make the rose?"

"He make rose to look pretty and smell sweet."

"That's right. Who made you, Ching?"

"God make me," replied Ching. "He make me to look pretty and smell sweet."

She is endeavoring to teach the Chinaman a few other things, but will let personal similes with the rest for awhile.—Kansas City Star.

Making Law.

"How is the law made?" asked the instructor in United States history in a private school of one of the young girls in his class.

"Oh," replied the maiden cheerfully, "the senate has to ratify it, and then the president has to—has to veto it, and then the house of representatives has to—"

She hesitated for a moment and knit her pretty forehead. "Oh, yes, I remember now!" she said. "The house of representatives has to adjourn until the next session."

Within Bounds.

Mrs. Plankington—I think I'll have my old hat retrimmed.

Plankington—That's more than I can afford.

Mrs. Plankington—Then what shall I do?

Plankington—Get a new one.—Clothing and Furnishings.

MAKING THEM HAPPY

JUMPIN' JOE OF CHEROKEE SCORES A GREAT SUCCESS.

He Opens Up In the Town of Jeffersonville, and With the Mayor on His Side He Introduces His Panoramy to a Wildly Enthusiastic Audience.

On Wednesday afternoon last I pitched my tent and hung out my signs in the young and straggling town of Jeffersonville. I had scarcely got my grand aggregation under cover when the mayor appeared and said:

"It is my official duty to inquire if this is a moral show?"

"She be," sez I. "While I am nuthin but a humble worm of the dust, nuthin could induce me to travel about with an exhibition calker."

"Has yer panoramy got its clothes on?"

"She has. Nuthin will be found about that panoramy to injure anybody's feelings."

"What is yer pertickler obijck in showin this show?" sez he as he picks up a stick and scratches the back of my eddicated hog in a fatherly way.

"Firstly, to amuse, instruct and make the world better, and, secondly, to call attention to my Cherokee sassyparilly and Magicement, two family remedies which should be found in every household."

"Do ye deliver a lecture in conjunction with that panoramy?"

"I do. That lectur' alone is wuth walkin ten miles to 'lar."

"Is ar' my offishul duty to inquire if thar ar' any jokes in that lectur'?" We ar' a strugglin people, and richness is not fur us, but we hev a reputashun to sustain."

I solemnly assured him that thar was not a joke in it from beginnin to end, and to convince him of the fact I repeated most of the lectur'. When he was satisfied of the integrity of my cause, his eyes filled with tears, and he pressed my hand and sez:

"Feller critter, 'tis well! Go right ahead and show yer varchewous exhibition, and I'll do all I kin on the outside to make the same a bountiful success."

As usual, thar was no charge for admishun, which is one of the strongest points of my exhibition.

The news circulated around that nuthin was to be exhibited to offend the most innocent babe, and as a consequence the audience was an overflowin one and in the best of spirits.

The mayor was not "INTERDOOED ME TO" only that, and on "THE MULTITUDE," a front seat, but when the show was ready to open he riz up and interdoosed me to the multitude in a way to tech the human heart.

He referred to the kuss who had struck that town with a patent washin masheen and left wreck and ruin behind, to the critter who had cum thar to sell parlor organs and shaken society to its foundations, to the human hyena who had sat up a tent in Jeffersonville and exhibited waxwork fingers without so much as a pair of shoes on, and tharby produced a riot lastin three days. He had offishally investigated the character of my exhibition and was glad to announce that I had the moral welfar' of the public at heart.

I then exhibited the fast pictur' of my panoramy, which was a scene on the Rhine. I expected an outburst of enthousiasm, but was sorely prepared for the ovashun which followed. Sum of the audience labored under the idea that it had sunthin to do with Christopher Columbus diskiverin the Cherokee strip, and sum others gin three cheers for General Jackson lickin the British at New Orleans.

Secin that public enthousiasm was aroused and with me, I said nuthin to dampen it. The second pictur' was a view of some ruins in the Holy Land. I was about to explain that sich was the case, and that ruins was now quoted in the market at 20 per cent above last year's prices, when the audience began to cheer. They took the pictur' for the ruins of Chicago after the great fire, and the mayor riz up and blowed his nose and wiped his eyes and said he lost a brother in that calamity and could recognize the very ruin under which his mangled remains war found reposin after things had cooled off. Sum of the populace cheered, and sum wept, and I didn't hev the heart to tell 'em that the state of Illinois was fur, fur from the Holy Land.

The third pictur' represented the "Landin of the Pilgrims," and an affection incident folloed its interdishun. A gray haired old critter on a back seat recognized his brother among the Pilgrims and got up and hooted fur joy and then broke down and wept. He had bin worryin over that brother fur y'ars and y'ars, thinkin he war dead or bottin his money on hoss races, and to find him wadin ashore among a lot of honorable and high minded people was sich an agreeable surprise that he begged the audience to excuse his emoshuns. The mayor likewise riz up to remark that troth was

stranger than a fig, and that this was still another evidence of my varchewous and honorable intentions to ards the people of Cherokee.

When I had exhausted the panoramy, which the pulce insisted on beholdin twice over, I called attention to my family remedies and disposed of 15 bottles of sassyparilly and 10 of Magicement. The enthousiasm was not exactly as bountiful as I could hev wished fur, but the mayor's explanation, that a feller had cum along the week afore with a guessin hog and strapped the town of all but \$17 was perfectly satisfactory. I took just as much pains to exhibit my eddicated hog, five legged wolf, jumpin frog and exhibition grasshopper as if I had made sales amountin to \$50. When the exhibition was about to close, I stepped for'd with my usual bludiness and announced my readiness to jine all yearnin souls in the blissful bonds of matrimony free of charge. The enthousiasm was spontaneous. It broke out into yells and hoots and cheers, which put out seven of the kerosene lamps and skeered my five legged wolf till he laid down and howled. When the patriotim' had somewhat subsided, the mayor riz up with tears in his eyes and made another speech in my favor—a speech in which he took sand and a rag and polished up my character till it shone like a lantern in a dark gartlet. I don't know how many couples stopped forth to be jined, but I should say at least 40. I mar'd 'em all to once in a hullsaw way and added my fatherly blessing, and when the audience had departed and the silence of night had fell upon me and my grand aggregation I seemed to hear a still, small voice whisperin in my ears:

"Durn a kuss who won't make a feller critter happy when it don't cost nuthin to do it!"

AUSTIN KEENE.

Couldn't Fool Him Twice.

"Have you a \$20 greenback you wouldn't mind exchanging for small bills?" asked the gentlemanly stranger. "I want to send \$20 in a letter, and it's more convenient to send it in one bill. Besides it's safer."

"I reckon I can accommodate you, young man," replied Uncle Zeb Haycraft, drawing a roll of bills from his pocket and proceeding to extract a twenty from it. "Here it is."

"Thank you. Here is the change. Count it, please, and see if it's correct." Uncle Zeb counted it.

"It's a dollar short," he said. "Let me see," exclaimed the other, taking the bills out of his hand and running them over rapidly.

"Why, so it is. I'll put in another dollar."

He took a \$1 bill out of his vest pocket, added it to the roll and handed the money back.

A short time afterward Uncle Zeb ascertained, by a careful recount, that his change was exactly \$5 short, but it was too late. The gentlemanly stranger had left the train.

"Are you going any farther than Chicago?" inquired the agent of the omnibus line an hour or two later, touching Uncle Zeb on the shoulder and rousing him from an uneasy slumber.

"What do you want?" demanded Uncle Zeb, crying him suspiciously.

"Are you going any farther than Chicago?"

"I don't reckon it's any of your business!"

"Let me see your ticket."

"Say, young feller," said Uncle Zeb sternly, "I've been swindled once this morning, and that's enough. Now, you go on and mind your business, or I'll throw you off'n the train!"

"All right, cap," replied the agent, passing on down the aisle.

When Uncle Zeb had reached the city and got his trunk and valises, with much difficulty, out of the hands of the baggage men at the station, he paid a grating citizen with a springless wagon \$1.50 to haul himself and his baggage to a railway station that proved to be only four or five blocks away. He missed the train for the east, was compelled to wait eight hours for the next one, and it is the opinion of unbiased persons who saw him clamber aboard the cars at last that he is swearing yet.—Chicago Tribune.

A Compliment.

Two young men stood in the office of the Grand hotel one afternoon chatting pleasantly together. They were of that class who can enjoy the bright afternoon in idle happiness, for they have nothing else to do.

Presently one of them pulled a package of cigarettes from his pocket, and quickly striking a match on the sole of his shoe lit his treasure without deigning to pass the box to his companion.

"Well, there's politeness for you," said the young man thus slighted.

"Certainly it is," the other remarked. "I never offer a man a cigarette, for I believe it is the height of discourtesy. To pass your cigarette is to intimate that your friend is a victim of the habit, and to a sensitive man this is an insult. Never be offended if a gentleman neglects to offer you a cigarette when he lights one in your presence. He is really paying you a delicate compliment."—Cincinnati Tribune.

Learning to Cook.

"No, ma'am," said the grocer, making a great clattering among his tins. "I have codfishes and turkeys, but there isn't such a thing as a jack pot in the store."

"I'm sorry," wealed the young wife. "You see, we haven't been married long, and my husband's mother has always cooked for him, and when I heard him talking in his sleep about a jack pot I thought I'd get one, for he mentions it so often he must be used to it. Could you tell me what they cook in it?"

"Greens, ma'am," said the grocer, and he sent her to the tin store in the next block.—Detroit Free Press.

His Platform.

"We don't," shouted the impassioned orator, "we don't want nothing else but the English language spoken in this country, and don't you forget it!"

And the hearers promised themselves to remember what he had spoken.—Indianapolis Journal.

Plenty of Company.

Bingo—Now that you are living in the country I should think you would find it lonesome riding back and forth on the train.

Witherby—Not at all, old man. I always have a servant girl with me.—Life.

Brought It With Her.

Clara—I saw your dance in town, and he gave me something to give to you. Maude (eagerly)—What was it?

Clara—A kiss.—Brooklyn Life.

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